643 k 1
76

A CONGRATULATORY

O D E

TO

ADMIRAL KEPPELL.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ODE.

A CONGRATULATORY

I.

Taken from a Pict.re by Rd.n Hy.d Morrington.
N.o 62. South Molton Street,
Grosvenor - Square.
Publish'd as the Act of Parl.t directs

1346.k.25. [illegible]

A CONGRATULATORY ODE TO ADMIRAL KEPPELL.

K. Keppell (A.)

— — — Io! triumphe!
Non semel dicemus, Io! triumphe!
Civitas omnis.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ODE
TO THE WARLIKE GENIUS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

W. Tasker

Augustus Keppel

LONDON:
FOR THE AUTHOR,
Printed at LAIDLER's OFFICE, Princes-Street, Leiceſter-Fields;
And Sold by DODSLEY, Pall-Mall; BEW, Pater-Noſter-Row; BECKET, Corner of the Adelphi; RICHARDSON and URQUHART, Exchange; JOHNSON, St. Paul's Church-Yard; KEARSLEY, Fleet-Street; RIDLEY, St. James's Street; and W. DAVIS, Piccadilly.
M DCC LXXIX.

A

CONGRATULATORY

ODE

TO

ADMIRAL KEPPEL.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A
CONGRATULATORY ODE, &c.

I.

O Muſe! the nobleſt of the Nine!
On this auſpicious day
Clio! exalt my feeble lay,
And teach my trembling hands t'entwine
Round Keppel's patriot brow the laurel wreathe divine!

II.

O Muſe! preſiding o'er the lyre,
Queen of harmonious ſound!
Raiſe me aſpiring from the lowly ground
And warm with Pindar's animating fire:

Pindar, the eagle of the Attic Sky,
On Fancy's pinions ſoaring high
Dar'd to behold with ſtedfaſt eye [car:
The Sun of verſe and light and heat in his high beaming
As Phoebus drove on fiery ſteeds along
He caught a ray of fire, from his immortal ſong
Tune'd to the muſick of the ſpheres;
And he rehears'd to mortal ears:
As fire from thundering Jove, Prometheus ſtole
To vivify the human clay:
He rais'd to extaſy the ſoul,
O'er all the paſſions bore unrivall'd ſway,
And ſung, in deathleſs ſtrains, the patriot Sons of War:

III.

The plains Elean heroes bore;
At games Olympic ſtrove
Kings deſcended from high Jove:
Nor leſs on England's ſhore

Fair

Fair Freedom's choſen plains
The patriot-virtues ſhine
And martial ardour proudly reigns.
Of Albemarle's illuſtrious line,
To ſing the naval chief, the pleaſing taſk be mine.

IV.

Britannia's free-born ſons! rejoice,
To ſongs of triumph raiſe the voice,
As Britain's Daughters fair advance
To ſing the choral ſong, or join the feſtive dance,
To honour's cauſe, loud Io Pæans ſing:
Let Triton ſound upon his ſhell,
Of Keppel's praiſe let fair-hair'd Nereids tell:
From the deep profound
With hoarſe applauſe let Albion's ſhores reſound
To eccho's ſportive voice let Ocean's caverns ring,
And the rejoicing waves agnize their Sovereign King.

V.

V.

When late Britannia's Guardian Angel ſaw
Malice and Envy aim the blow
At Keppel's ſacred head;
With rage inſpir'd
She from the Synod of the Gods retir'd;
On wings of winds ſhe flew,
To Britain's Sea girt-iſle ſhe ſped,
Her near approach old Ocean's Monarch knew:

VI.

Who to the Sea gives laws
Indignant Neptune rais'd the ſtorm,
His ſocial aid to lend
In Keppel's injur'd cauſe,
For Ocean's Monarch was the Patriot's friend:
He graſp'd the trident in his ample hand
He

Indignant Neptune rais'd the ſtorm.] Alluding to the hurricane that prevailed throughout England about the commencement of Admiral Keppel's trial.

He ſmote the ſubject ſea, and ſhook the ſolid land,
And watery mountains Ocean's face deform.

VII.

Stern Æolus, incenſed, bad ariſe
The ſtormy winds and tempeſts of the Skies,
The winds, which late were gentle gales.
And wafted Keppel's ſpreading ſails;
With bloated cheeks inflated glow,
In Keppel's cauſe enrag'd they blow.
The King remits the flowing reins,
And wide o'er Ocean's watery plains,
The tempeſt ſounds, the waters roar,
And point their rage 'gainſt Albion's rocky ſhore:
The daſhing waves her firm-bas'd rocks defy
And toſs the deafening billows to the Sky:

VIII.

The ſtorm (paſs'd o'er the raging ſea)
To Englands fertile plains makes way:

The Hurricane with furious breath
Rends the ſtrong oak from mother Earth;
Who reign'd the Monarch of the ſylvan plain,
His deep-ſett roots and branching honours vain!

IX.

Britannia trembled with the blaſt,
Felt for her own deſponding guilt;
Fear'd for her ſails and riſing maſt,
And trembled for her Navies yet unbuilt:
Left all her oaks in wild confuſion hurl'd
Should loſe her Empire o'er the watery world.

X.

Keppell alone unmov'd, the Goddeſs ſaw,
The conſcious mind's a rock, no tempeſts ſhake
Or riſing terrors awe:
Let guilty mortals quake
For conſcious worth alone no terrors e'er ſhall know.

Offſpring

---Offspring of Etehus and Night
From hell's infernal ſhade,
Fearleſs he ſaw dire Envy raiſe her head
And her fell ſerpents hiſs with impotent delight.

XI.

Honour's high ſenſe he knew
From Heaven's eternal king,
Her ſource unſullied drew
And Fame's unceaſing ſpring:

In vain the Giant Envy ſtrove
'Gainſt Truth fair daughter, of Imperial Jove:
---While Party rag'd, and Calumny revil'd
In conſcious innocence, the Hero ſmil'd.

XII.

Keppell accus'd? periſh th' unworthy found,
Nor with diſcordant jar, the ear of honour wound;
O'er Englands records, her oblivious veil
Th' hiſtoric Muſe ſhall ſpread, the fact conceal:

Britannia's

Britannia's Genius feels the dire diſgrace,
And, conſcious of her ſhame, conceals her bluſhing face:
Her voice in Keppel's cauſe the candid Muſe ſhall raiſe,
To no vile party proſtitute her lays,
Nor with his foes diſgrace ſhall fully his fair praiſe.

XIII.

Friend to thy Country, Keppell, hail!
Truth and fair Juſtice ſhall prevail:
---Heroic Virtue bears a ſtamp divine,
Like pureſt Gold in furnace tried,
Each baſe alloy ſhall caſt aſide,
And from the fiery trial brighter ſhine.

XIV.

To judge thy righteous cauſe
(Where England's Southern limits end
And Portſmouth's Battlements aſcend)
The Naval Chieftains ſit,
To do their Admiral right

The

The ſons of Mars
Long tried in wars
Heroes, renown'd in fight!
The Patriot-man the Judges all acquit
And crown with laſting honour and applauſe.

XV.

O Muſe! from glories freſh and new
Take a retroſpective view
Of Keppel's youthful day:
Daughters of Jove! immortal Nine!
Bear me beyond the torid line,
Where Sol meridian darts his fervid ray:
Inſpir'd by you---I look---I ſpy
Paita riſing to the mental eye;
By the young Hero's hand, I ſee the ſail unfurl'd,

Paita riſing] Admiral Keppell was introduced into the ſea ſervice, under the auſpices of the celebrated Lord Anſon, and ſailed with him into the South Sea, he was at the taking of Paita from the Spaniards, where he firſt ſignalized his valour, and narrowly eſcaped with life.

Acquire new homage in the ſouthern world:
High waving in the ſultry air,
Paita's towers Britannia's Colours bear,
And Britiſh Glory luminates the Southern Hemiſphere.

XVI.

(Ambition's influence unconfin'd)
In Anſon's School of honour taught,
From the bold pattern of the Maſter's mind,
The ſon of Albemarle, heroic ardour caught.
---Dread Shade of Anſon! Friend of Commerce, hail!
Wide as the waves and waters flow,
Wide as the various winds ſhall blow
That wafted thy adventerous ſail
Round wondering Neptune's unexplor'd domain:
---Born on the ſwelling tide of harmony along
Thy name
Thy ſpreading fame

Freſh

Freſh and unſullied ſhall remain ;
And live for ever in the Muſes' ſong.

XVII.

On Afric's ſcorched hills or plains
Of Keppel's fame th' untutor'd Bard ſhall ſing :
To Sun-burnt Virgins and the ſwarthy ſwains,
And ſound the Hero's praiſe upon the artleſs ſtring.
The ſmiling infant on the mother's knee,
Shall liſp of Engliſh Liberty ;
The ſlaviſh Sire enraptur'd catch the ſound,
And warm with native fire
His heart with rapture bound,
And to celeſtial freedom dare aſpire :
Some grand-ſire warrior the mean while,
Shall talk of Engliſh Arms, and Goree's conquer'd iſle.

XVIII.

Daughters of Helicon's inſpiring fount,
Fancy's enchanted car you mount :

The Bard enraptur'd you convey
Safe o'er the burning ſand, and the tempeſtuous ſea.
---I hear the cannons roar,
I ſee pale Gallia's ſhore,
And Concaille's leſſening bay.
---Each nation's Genius ſtands around]
Sits expectation in the air,
Rous'd by the cannon's awful ſound
In Sea-green garb, with dripping hair,
See Neptune ſtarting from the deep profound:
Britannia's flags unfurl,
(With martial Muſic, thundering cannons greet,)
On Gallia's banners bold defiance hurl;
For ſuch the dread ſalute, when Hawke and Conflans meet!

XIX.

I ſee the hoſtile fleets engage
Obſcurely thro' the darken'd Skies
(Where Ocean's waves tumultuous riſe)

Diſtin-

Diſtinguiſh'd from the fleet
I ſee the Torbay and the Theſee meet:
Their chiefs to vengeance fir'd, and mortal rage,
Diſtant battle they deſpiſe,
They ruſh to nearer fight,
The Theſee's batter'd ſides
Admit the ruſhing tides,
And arms and men and maſts all ſink to endleſs night.

XX.

Keppell! where ends thy Glory's courſe,
Lo! every quarter of the Earth,
Gives to thy renown new birth,
Of honour fruitful ſource!
With glory's blaze, the mental eye
Fatigued, but faintly can deſcry,
Where yonder towers invade the ſkies,
On yon high rocks, that long have ſtood
Frowning o'er the ſubject flood,

Havannah's Citadels arise.
Haughty Spaniard! Pride immenſe
Deem'd thoſe walls, thy ſure defence!
Weak thy preſuming thought and vain!
Keppell thunders from the main,
The ſons of Albemarle by land and ſea
Like rival ſons of Mars
The thunderbolts of wars,
Thro' all reſiſtance urge their deſperate way;
On Moro's turrets, Britiſh ſtandards riſe,
And lift the Britiſh Honour to the ſkies.

XXI.

O Patriot Muſe! conclude the Song;
To thy immortal ſtrains belong
Deathleſs honour and applauſe.
Bid Britain's Chiefs by ſea and land,
Obey thy high Command,
And join in Honour's cauſe.

Britannia's Heroes! all agree
And join in martial ſympathy:
Britons unite,
And vigorous fight,
Exert your Force 'gainſt France and haughty Spain,
Defend your native land, and triumph o'er the Main.

XXII.

Concord! Goddeſs, heavenly-bright!
O'er Britain's realm, diffuſe thy ſacred light:
To thee in Latium, temples riſe,
Thou lifted'ſt Rome Imperial to the Skies.
O'er the Atlantic ſea extend thy wing,
Bid Britiſh Sires again embrace
Their Children of Columbian race.
Increaſing Joy and Triumph bring
To Britain's People, and to Britain's King.

Columbian race] America, called Columbia from Columbus, the firſt diſcoverer.

FINIS.

94.3.17

A CONGRATULATORY ODE.

Britannia's Heroes! all agree

And join in martial Symphony:

Britons unite,

And vigorous fight,

Exert your Force 'gainst France and haughty Spain,

Defend your native Land, and triumph o'er the Main.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Concord! Goddess heavenly-bright!

O'er Britain's realm, diffuse thy sacred light:

To thee in Latium, temples rife,

Thou lifted'ft Rome Imperial to the Skies.

O'er the Atlantic sea extend thy wing,

And British Sires again embrace

Their Children of Columbian race.

Increasing Joy and Triumph bring

To Britain's People, and to Britain's King.

Columbian race] America, called Columbia from Columbus, the first discoverer.

FINIS.